

WW II: The Western Front
History's most severe winter
Dec. 16, 1944 - Jan. 1945
The Ardenne Region of Easter Belgium
Enemy Panzers thunder westward in Hitler's last Blitz-Krieg

The Battle of The Ardennes

(Where the frozen dead were stacked like cord-wood.)

The way it was, in memory of the men who fought and died:

When the fog and snow had cleared away,
You then, may well, can see
A vision of the battlefield
The way it was to be.

When our fighting men, who prayed they'd win,
Had marched up there to see
If they would have the right to live
In these great powers that be.

The answer came from enemy fire,
So deadly as could be,
Which left so low in the silent snow,
Many, from the companies.

If history's pages shall record
This awful tragedy,
And our fighting men, who fight again,
Will probably live to see.

So raise your voice in highest shrill
Throughout your destiny,
To break the chains of tyrants will,
And set the people free.

Now, in the dark of night, the guns are quiet.
"Hark!" you hear their cries: Medic, oh Medic, oh God,
For those are the dead who will forever tread
In the forests of the Ardennes.

"Woko" - Scout, US Army
Hell on Wheels, 2nd U.S Armored Division
HQ 41st Armored Inf. Regiment

VBOB

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